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Review of New Books.

The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah: a Poetical Romance, in Ten Cantos. By M. P. KAVANAGH. With a Prefatory View of the Poem, by M. M'DERMOT, Esq. 8vo. pp. 379. London, 1824. It is not among the least extraordinary circumstances attending this poem, that, on its first appearance, it comes before the public with the imprimatur of a gentleman of known critical talent, who places Mr. Kavanagh in a rank superior to Spenser, his model and favourite author; Mr. M'Dermot goes further, and, speaking of the author of the poem, says, 'To his own nature and unaided powers of mind he owes whatever portion of acquired knowledge he possesses; and it will be found from the following poem, that however little this portion may be, it has been sufficient to raise him above Burns and Bloomfield.' Without insisting on the great disparity between Burns and Bloomfield, and without, in the least, deprecating the talents of Mr. Kavanagh, we may be allowed to entertain a less enthusiastic admiration of them than Mr. M'Dermot; we, however, perfectly agree with him, that *The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah* is a poem which has two strong claims on public patronage—the situation in which the author is placed, and its own intrinsic merits.

Mr. Kavanagh is a young and ardent Irishman, richer in the gifts of nature than fortune, under whose frowns his poem has been composed. It is about twelve months ago that this 'Exile of Erin' left his native country, with no other treasure than his MS. poem, which, however, his want of knowledge of the world had induced him to think was fortune enough. Alas! he knew not that booksellers, if not actually 'men of stone,' are not the most accessible to poor poets. He remained in London, 'the world unknowing and to the world unknown.' Not a single publisher to whom he applied would take the trouble or incur the expense of having his poem examined. At length, he found a friend, who introduced him to Mr. M'Dermot. This gentleman perused the poem, was, as we have seen, pleased with it, and recommended the author 'to a private gentleman, to whom the first and present edition of *The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah* owes its existence, having had it printed at his own expense, for the sole benefit of the author, who is also indebted to him for many subsequent acts of favour.' Such an instance of liberality and kindness

we have rarely heard of, and we should like to know this Mecænas in private life; his conduct reminds us of the anecdote of Mr. Kavanagh's prototype, Spenser, who found such a patron in the Earl of Southampton. It is related that, when Spenser presented his Faery Queen, the earl read part of it, and ordered him twenty pounds; another stanza or two produced twenty pounds more, and so on, when he called out, 'Pray turn the poet out of the house, for, if I read any further, I shall give him thy whole estate.'

The poem of Mr. Kavanagh is written in the stanza of Spenser, contains fully as much nature as The Faery Queen, and is scarcely inferior to it in simplicity or force of imagination; but while the author thus closely follows Spenser (for he is no servile copyist), he avoids that obsolete phraseology which distinguishes the poem of that author. In this, Mr. Kavanagh differs from nearly all the imitators of Spenser, who remind us of Mr. Booth's imitation of Kean, in which he copied his defects, or of the Americans, who, in reprinting the Monthly Magazine, actually reprinted the wrapper. The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah are the impress of the author's thoughts and feelings, which are poured forth genuine and unrestrained. Many of the passages are of singular poetic force and beauty, and his descriptions at once correct and animated.

We have little room for extracts, but must, in justice to the author, quote a few passages; the first is a description of the meridian sun:—

'Tis 'bout the tide of noon,—o'er head the sun Doth midway lean, in all his radiance bright, As tho' to rest him from his task half done, That better bide he may his course ere night; And all the heavens look splendid from his light:

Around red fiery hue th' orizon yields, And fair above the clouds oft change to sight; Now like embattled hosts with spears and shields— Now numerous herds, wide ranging heaven's airy fields.

'Meanwhile 'tis calmness all and heat below: Beneath the oak the shepherd hath him laid; And from the plains the flocks do bleating go, To screen them 'side the wood or valley's shade.

The wearied traveller, too, has journey stayed; Close by the way he willing lays him down, Yet oft looks on the sun still 'bove arrayed, As tho' from his high place he wished him gone, Till with fair even-tide he hold his journey on.'

From midday we pass to midnight, and find the author equally happy; indeed, he

possesses descriptive powers of a high order:—

'Tis 'bout the mid of night, lone solemn hour When silence is o'er all the world around, And every aged hill and wood and tower Look bright beneath the moon, high 'bove them crown'd, 'Mid all the stillness of the heavens profound. And now is far off heard the river's fall, As breaking thro' the night with awful sound, Which echo lone as often doth recall, And send among the silent hills and valleys all.'

The concluding stanzas we select, not as the best in the poem, but as relating to his own feelings and fortune:—

'Zairah was heard—I wake by night no more— But hold—yet 'tis not so—thy bard forgot— Foul breach of promise must be sung—then o'er My first, my earliest song—until then—not. But must I change, and, maiden, sing of what Will cause that breast to heave—thy tear to flow?—

In sooth, 'tis hard—too hard—away the thought!

I cannot—would not—Zairah, grieve thee so— Till now 'twas well—'twere sad to sing thy country's woe.

'And long, too long, perhaps, this song hath been—

And it bears sign, not to his bard unknown, Of what his night of sorrow e'er has seen— For fate had evils o'er his being thrown, And he has e'er had sorrows of his own— Nor was it, maid, for him the song to choose— What came at first remained as gift bestow— From thee or heaven—without to change—refuse,

As fortune ne'er hath graced his wild untutored muse.

'And this hath been—and in the world alone E'er has he lived, as not to it allied, Or he were in it stranger scarcely known— So has his soul e'er felt itself denied Of all communion that must, sure, reside Where friend may friend, or brother brother, find;

And hence his fortune has been to abide, Alone, unsoothed, woes of heaviest kind, Which e'er hath Heaven sent a burden to his mind.

'But these will now be o'er, or ne'er will not; Yet should the former, hap it will be well— And he can say he has foreseen his lot; For even when the heaviest ills befall, A dream of days to come his soul would swell, And tell of something near, and evils gone— Nor does that cease still oft with him to dwell, As though it hath not for delusion shone— But if for such it hath?—why then, ye ills, roll on!—

'Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more— Adieu the darksome wood, the silent shade— My first, my earliest song, dear girl, is o'er, And I do cease my wanderings to lead,

Aught more, through lonely part with knight or maid.—

Oh, Zairah! deign one smile upon my lay—
And pardon, love, if I have wrongly strayed—
If from that path have turned, at times, away,
Which leads to Fame's great height the bard
of later day.'

We trust that Mr. Kavanagh's talents will obtain a more substantial reward than mere praise; he has found one friend, who raised him from the obscurity from which it is so difficult to emerge, and we hope his poem will not only meet with a good sale, but that it will be the means of introducing him to some friends who can more substantially serve him than by merely purchasing a copy of his work.

Richmond and its Vicinity. With a Glance of Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, and Hampton Court. By JOHN EVANS, L. L. D. 12mo. pp. 279. London, 1821.

RICHMOND, though interesting from its natural beauties, local associations, and historical recollections, has been sadly neglected, except in works which are too expensive for the general reader. Dr. Evans, who every body knows keeps an academy at Islington, rusticates at Richmond during the summer vacations, which he has employed in writing a description of the place. The doctor, though somewhat discursive, has collected much historical and topographical intelligence relating to a spot which the Emperor Alexander of Russia declared to be the richest landscape he ever saw in his life. We have said Dr. Evans is discursive: his rambling propensity is, however, always kindly exercised, and if he goes out of his way, it is to pay his respects to some old friend, or to quote some favourite living author. In our notice, we shall not give any historical analysis of the work, which is published at so low a price as to render it generally accessible, but shall merely detach a few interesting passages; and, first of all, our gallantry suggests to us to pay our devours to the Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill:—

We now proceed to notice a traditional tale which has long been prevalent at Richmond and in its vicinity. Indeed, it is a circumstance very generally known, though the particulars obtained do not yield much satisfaction. The tale to which we allude is, The Lass of Richmond Hill, said to be founded on a narrative of facts well known in the neighbourhood of Richmond. A young lady, equally accomplished in mind and body, the daughter of a merchant of immense wealth, resident on Richmond Hill, had consented to receive the addresses of a young officer of exemplary character and respectable parents, but—poor! He belonged to a regiment of cavalry quartered at Richmond; but his offers were rejected by her father, on account of that poverty. Apprehension of a clandestine marriage being entertained, the officer was forbidden the house, and the young lady was strictly confined within its walls. Continued grief led her, in a fit of despair, bordering on insanity, to precipitate herself from an upper

window of her father's house, and she was dashed to pieces on the stone steps that formed the ascent from the garden into the house! The unfortunate young man afterwards served in America, and was shot at the head of his company.'

In the account of the theatre, we find the following:—

Penkethman also, of facetious memory, opened a new theatre at Richmond, June 6, 1719, and spoke a humorous prologue on the occasion, alluding to the place having been formerly a *hovel for asses!* This theatre was probably the same that stood on the declivity of the hill, and was opened in the year 1756, by Theophilus Cibber, who, to avoid the penalties of the act of Parliament against unlicensed comedians, advertised it as a *cephalic snuff warehouse!* The General Advertiser, July 8, 1756, thus announces it—“Cibber and Co., Snuff Merchants, sell at their warehouse, at Richmond Hill, most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities (in an evening particularly), will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill-humours, dissipate the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding! Mr. Cibber has also opened, at the aforesaid warehouse (late called the theatre) on the Hill, an *histrionic academy* for the instruction of young persons of genius in *the art of ACTING*; and purposes, for the better improvement of such pupils, and frequently, with his assistance, to give public rehearsals—without hire, gain, or reward!”

Our next extract comprises an interesting description of the ancient palace of Richmond:—

The manor house at Sheen, a little east of the bridge, and close by the river side, became a royal palace in the time of Edward the First, for he and his successor resided here. Edward the Third closed a long reign at the Palace of Sheen, June 21, 1377. Queen Anne, the consort of his successor, died here in 1394: she first introduced the use of the side saddle, the ladies before riding astride! Deeply affected at her death, he, according to Holinshed, “caused it to be thrown down and defaced, whereas the former kings of this land, being wearie of the citie, used customarily thither to resort as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly to their recreation.” Henry the Fifth, however, restored the palace to its former magnificence; whilst Henry the Seventh held, in 1492, a grand tournament here, when Sir James Parker, in a controversy with Hugh Vaughan for right of coat armour, was, in the first course, killed. In the year 1499, it was set on fire by accident, and for the most part consumed. His majesty immediately caused it to be rebuilt, and gave it the name of Richmond. Philip the First, King of Spain, driven on the coast of England by a storm, was, in 1506, entertained in this palace with extraordinary magnificence. Henry the Seventh died here, April 29, 1507. His successor, the year after he came to the throne, kept his Christmas at Richmond, a tournament be-

ing held during the month of January, when the king, for the first time, took a part in those exercises. In 1523, Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, was lodged at Richmond. When Cardinal Wolsey granted to his majesty the lease of Hampton Court, the king permitted him to reside in Richmond Palace, of which he frequently availed himself. Indeed, Hall, in his *Chronicles*, says, that “when the common people, and especially such as had been servants of Henry the Seventh, saw the cardinal keep house in the manor royal at Richmond, which that monarch so highly esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying, ‘so a butcher's dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond!’” Queen Elizabeth was prisoner at Richmond during the reign of her sister Mary; and, after she came to the throne, the palace became a favourite residence. But what is most worthy of being recorded, is, that here, March 24, 1603, this illustrious queen ended her days. Hume gives an affecting account of it:—“The queen had fallen into a profound melancholy. Some incidents had revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with sorrow for his execution. That nobleman, after his return from Cadiz, had regretted that his absence in her service exposed him to all those offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy, and, making him the present of a *ring*, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him, that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that *ring*, she would, immediately upon the sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity, but, after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the *ring* to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed upon by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission, and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct, and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion; she shook the dying countess in her bed, crying to her that *God might pardon her, but she never could!* She broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation, she even refused food and sustenance, and, throwing

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herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her affliction, and declaring life an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she could not reveal; but sighs and groans were the chief vent she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to assuage them. *Ten days and nights* she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her, and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed her. Being advised, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to *fix her thoughts on God*, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her, her senses failed, she fell into lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently without further struggle or convulsion, in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign." Charles the First is supposed to have been frequently at this palace, where he formed a large collection of pictures. In 1666, a mask was performed by Lord Buckingham and Edward Sackville before the king and queen at Richmond. When the king was in Scotland, in 1641, the Parliament ordered that the young prince, Charles the Second, should be sent with his governor, Bishop Duppa, to be educated at Richmond. In 1647, the palace of Richmond was prepared, by order of Parliament, for the reception of the king, but he refused to go there. An old newspaper of the 29th of August, 1647, mentions that the Prince Elector was at Richmond, and that his majesty, with the Duke of York and the lords, hunted in the new park, killing a stag and a buck; adding, that the king "was very cheerful, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon." Such is the general history of this ancient palace through several reigns of the kings of England, so that it must have been the seat of regal magnificence and glory. But we shall state its dimensions and interior, for it now approaches its final extinction.

The survey, taken by order of Parliament, in 1649, affords a minute description of the palace. The great hall was one hundred feet in length, and forty in breadth, having a screen at the lower end, over which was "fayr foot space in the higher end thereof, the pavement of square tile, well lighted and seated; at the north end having a turret, or clock case, covered with lead, which is a special ornament to this building." The prince's lodgings are described as a "freestone building, three stories high, with *fourteen turrets*, covered with lead," being "a very graceful ornament to the whole house, and perspicuous to the country round about." A round tower is mentioned, called the "Canted Tower," with a staircase of one hundred and twenty-four steps. The chapel was ninety-six feet long, and forty broad, with cathedral-seats and pews. Adjoining the prince's garden was an open gallery, two

hundred feet long, over which was a close gallery of similar length. Here was also a royal library. Three pipes supplied the palace with water, one from the white conduit in the new park, another from the conduit in the town fields, and the third from a conduit near the alms-houses in Richmond. In 1650, it was sold for 10,000l. to private persons; and, being neglected, was woefully shorn of its glory, the extent of which is now scarcely within our comprehension.

All the accounts which have come down to us justify the delineation of the poet; the furniture and decorations of the ancient palace were superb, exhibiting, in gorgeous tapestry, the deeds of kings and of heroes who had signalized themselves by their conquests throughout France in behalf of their country.

Judging from the old prints of the palace at Richmond, with its numerous turrets, not unlike the minarets of the east, it bore some resemblance to the Pavilion Palace at Brighton, only of larger dimensions. This grotesque building is said to have been modeled after the Kremlin of Moscow, which has a profusion of exterior ornament, and may be pronounced altogether dissimilar from that of any other structure in this country.

On the restoration, the palace was in a very dismantled state. Fuller, indeed, speaks of its soon after being taken down. But this did not take place till the subsequent century. It was in the hands of the crown during the reign of James the Second, and some parts of the palace appear to have been repaired by him, his initials and the date, 1688, being still on the leaden pipes. The *Exact Accompt*, from June 8—15, 1660, says, that soon after the return of Charles the Second, "several boats laden with rich and curious effigies, formerly belonging to Charles the First, but since alienated, are said to have been brought from Richmond to Whitehall." Having, during the commonwealth, been plundered and defaced, it never recovered its pristine grandeur. It was suffered to fall into decay, and, in a short time, sunk into utter dissolution.

We have already alluded to Dr. Evans's poetical quotations, and, among others, we find more than one piece from our correspondent, Mr. Lacey. Dr. Evans, who is the pink of complaisance, in noticing the steam-engine, which, by the bye, has no more to do with the history of Richmond than with Quebec, Gravesend, Leith, or Ostend, tells us, that "the scientific Mr. Partington" traced the origin of the steam-engine to Hero of Alexandria: we believe Mr. P. had no more share in this discovery than Dr. Evans, and, as to his scientific attainments, heaven bless the mark! no man ever dreamed of them. We should as soon suspect the 'honorary secretary' of a certain Institution of knowing something of poetry, because he read a few papers on it, as accuse Mr. Partington of being scientific. Dr. Evans is, however, kind, and Mr. P. is one of some fifty individuals who have,

nolens volens, been dragged into this volume for a compliment. Eulogy is, in Dr. Evans, 'a failing leaning to virtue's side,' and we readily forgive him, though it is frequently misplaced. His work is an amusing one, and, being the only cheap guide to Richmond, can scarcely fail of being popular.

—
Select Proverbs of all Nations; illustrated with Notes and Comments. To which is added, a Summary of Ancient Pastimes, Holydays, and Customs; with an Analysis of the Wisdom of the Ancients and of the Fathers of the Church. By THOMAS FIELDING. 18mo. pp. 216. London, 1824.

This is really a very neat, clever, and interesting little volume; the proverbs are well selected, and present a great variety, not only of subject, but of languages in which they have originated. If, however, the original had been given more frequently, accompanied by the translation, we should have considered the work still more valuable. The comments are generally apposite, though Mr. Fielding sometimes goes out of his way, particularly in his proverbs on 'laws, government, and public affairs.' It was not necessary that we should know his political creed. Mr. Fielding is not, however, a mere collector, for his introduction contains many acute observations on proverbs, a portion of which we quote:—

'In the proverbs of all countries, the fair sex have sustained a singular injustice; and what renders it more remarkable is, that the nations most celebrated for gallantry have been the greatest offenders,—since it is in the popular sayings of the Italians, French, and Spaniards, that women are most bitterly reviled, and the constant theme of suspicion, scorn, and insult. I will cite a few examples, some of which have not appeared in the collection, for I was loth to preserve memorials so disgraceful to mankind. The following are from the Italians:—

Dal mare nasce il sale, e dalla donna nasce molte male.

Salt from the sea and ills from women.

Chi è stracco di bonacie, si mariti.

Who is weary of a quiet life, get himself a wife.

Chi ha una bella moglie, ella non è tutto sua.

He who has a handsome wife, has her not all to himself.

Donna brutta è mal de stomacco, donna bella mal de teste.

An ugly woman is a disease of the stomach, a handsome woman of the head.

'The following are French:—

Que femme croit, et à ne mene, son corps ne sera jamais sans peine.

Who trusts a woman, and leads an ass, will never be without sorrow.

Un homme de paille raut une femme d'or.

A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.

'The Spaniards say,—

Beware of a bad woman, and do not trust a good one.

He who marries does well; but he who marries not does better!

'Did those nations, so famous for chivalry, seek by these quips and crackers to retaliate behind the backs of the fair sex for adulmentation to their faces?—England is proverbially the "Paradise of women;" and it was formerly observed that, if a bridge were made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would emigrate to this female elysium. Yet there are a few ungallant expressions in our language, though not so numerous as among the Italians, French, and Spaniards: nearly one-fourth of the continental proverbs include some insinuation against the happiness of the conjugal state, the veracity and constancy of women. Our worst offences in this way are the following:—

Commend a married life, but keep thyself a bachelor.

The death of wives, and the loss of sheep, make men rich.

A dead wife's the best goods in a man's house.

'One would fain hope this is not the wisdom of experience, but the consequence of the unfortunate situation of females; affording a further illustration of the history of society from popular sayings. The precepts and maxims of the ancients breathed a similar spirit of hostility to females; arising, doubtless, from similar causes—the degraded and restricted state in which they lived.'

'By the operation of some absurd impression, proverbs have for a long time been kept in the background in fashionable society. Lord Chesterfield said, "a man of fashion has never recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms;" and they appear to have "withered away under the ban of his anathema." But it is yielding too much to a name, to proscribe the most valuable intellectual treasure that has been transmitted by former ages, to the dictum of a courtier. Men of fashion, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, had recourse to proverbs and aphorisms; and, in the splendid court of Louis XIV., the illustration of popular adages formed the subject of dramatic entertainments. So far, then, as fashion can confer authority, we are justified, from the example of these periods, in their use: but it may be demonstrated, that no other species of knowledge has such a momentous influence on the affairs of life—on the conduct of individuals and the history of nations. I will cite a few examples, for the purpose of illustration, of proverbs that have been the most influential in society, and which are constantly at work either for great good or evil.'

What the eye sees not, the heart feels not.

'How many men, and women, too, have been determined in a guilty course, from this single sentence! Again, there is another saying, which has contributed not a little to people the world, and is a far more formidable antagonist of the doctrines of Malthus, than either Cobbett or Godwin:—

God never sends mouths without meat.

'It has been the misfortune of many to find the contrary to this; but it still forms a cardinal point in the creed of the labouring classes; and I am sure it has been my

fate, many hundred times, to hear it repeated by fruitful dames—and laugh at its absurdity.

Mortui non mordent.

Dead men do not bite.

'This fatal truth has sealed the doom of many an unhappy wretch, by determining the last resolve of the traitor, burglar, and assassin. We cannot look into the annals of crime, or the page of history, without meeting with examples of the deadly application of this proverb. It was applied by Stewart, against the Earl of Morton in Scotland, and subsequently to the Earl of Strafford and Archdeacon Laud, in England; and I am pretty sure, from some faint impressions left in the course of reading, I could, by an historical research, multiply these instances a hundred fold.

Ding down the nests, and the rooks will flee away,

is a Scottish historical proverb, which gave an edge to the furor of the Covenanters and Cameronians, to the destruction of the architectural grandeur of the Romish church; and made Johnson lament, over many ruined colleges and cathedrals, the Vandal rage of fanaticism at the reformation.'

The account of sports, pastimes, holydays, and customs, contains much curious and interesting information; Mr. Fielding appears to have spared no pains in collecting information from the best authorities, which he communicates in a concise manner. We ought to add, that the work is neatly got up.

Wolsey, the Cardinal, and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By GEORGE HOWARD, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 628.)

THE splendour of Wolsey's establishment, when in the zenith of his power, had still a tincture of effeminacy with it. He used to ride to Westminster Hall sucking oranges, and viewing, with insolent contempt, the obsequious obeisance of his host of attendants:—

'Elevated to power, both at home and abroad, and to wealth, both by fair means and foul, Wolsey began more pointedly to display his taste for magnificence, and to court popularity by hospitality in open house-keeping. For this purpose, three boards were daily spread in his hall, wherever he might be resident: at the head of the first sate a priest in the office of steward; at the head of the second a knight, as treasurer; and at the third an esquire, who was always comptroller of the household. Besides these, there were other established officers: consisting of a confessor, a physician, two almoners, three marshals, three ushers, and several grooms.

'To supply these tables, the kitchen establishment was necessarily extensive; consisting of a master-cook, whose daily dress was either velvet or satin, with a gold chain to mark his superiority; two other cooks, and six assistants or labourers, as they were called; in addition to whom there were, in what was called the hall-kitchen, two clerks, holding the offices of comptroller and sur-

veyor over the dressers. In other departments were equally responsible persons; the hall-kitchen having two cooks, and labourers, and children, to the number of a dozen; the spicery superintended by a clerk; in the pastry, two yeomen and two paste-layers; in the scullery, four scullions; besides one yeoman and two grooms; one yeoman and a groom in the larder; two yeomen and two grooms in the buttery; the same in the ewry; three yeomen and three pages in the cellar; and two yeomen in the chandlery.

'Here then is a list nearly equal to that of a modern court calendar; but we have still to add two yeomen in the wafery; a master of the wardrobe, with twenty assistants, or male chamber-maids, in the bedroom department; a yeoman and groom, thirteen pages, two yeoman purveyors, and a groom purveyor, in the laundry; then, in the bakehouse, two yeomen and grooms; one yeoman and groom in the wood-yard, coals not being then in general use; one yeoman in the barn; and two yeomen and two grooms as porters at the gate.

'In his stables equal pomp was displayed, there being a master of the horse (and a yeoman of his barge), besides a clerk and a yeoman; a farrier; a yeoman of the stirrup; also a maltlour, whose office we do not very well understand, and sixteen grooms, every one of them keeping four geldings.

'The cardinal's chapel must have been on an establishment nearly equal to that of the sovereign; for at its head was a dean, always a divine of the first eminence, and selected for extensive learning; next to him a subdean, also a repeater of the choir, a reader of the gospels, and singing priest for the epistles, and a master of the children. These were for chapel service on common days; but, on great fasts or festivals, there were other persons, on a constant retainer, who came to assist. In the vestry, also, were a yeoman and two grooms.

'Besides this pomp of ecclesiastical service, the chapel was furnished, and all the offices performed, with the utmost splendour of Roman Catholic decoration. The copes and other vestments of white satin, or scarlet, or crimson, with the most costly ornaments of jewels and precious stones.

'Such may be called the public establishment of Wolsey's household; but splendid as it was, 'twas far exceeded by his personal domestic arrangements. His two cross-bearers, with two pillar-bearers, were always in waiting at due hours, in the anteroom or great chamber, whilst the privy chamber, or chambers, perhaps, must have been crowded; for there were a chief chamberlain, a vice chamberlain, a gentleman usher, besides a gentleman usher of his own chamber. Here were also twelve waiters, of low degree, and six gentlemen waiters: but the most extraordinary thing is, that he had also nine or ten peers of the realm on his household list, "who had each of them two or three men to wait upon him, except the Earle of Darby, who had five men."

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Cavendish, who seems to boast of all his display, goes on to recount that this good cardinal had also forty persons in the offices of gentlemen cupbearers, of carvers, and sewers, both of the great chamber and of the privy chamber; besides six yeomen of the chamber, eight grooms of the chamber; "also he had of almes, who were daily wayters of us board at dinner,"—twelve doctors (not physicians, we presume), and chaplains, a clerk of the closet, two secretaries, two clerks of the signet, and four counsellors learned in the law.

It is further stated by Cavendish, that he had a clerk of the checque upon his complaints and also upon the yeomen of the chamber; and when he became chancellor he added thereto, for the ready execution of that office, a riding clerk, a clerk of the crown, a clerk of the hanaper, and a wax sealer.

Then there were "four footmen garnished with rich running coates, whensoever he had any journey; and besides these, a herald at arms, a serjeant at arms, a physician, an apothecary, four minstrels, a keeper of the tents, an armourer, an instructor of wards in chancery, an "instructor of his wardrop of robes," a keeper of his chamber continually, a surveyor of York, and a clerk of the green cloth."

The number of Wolsey's retainers exceeded eight hundred; and, in point of state, it was complained of him that he outstripped royalty itself: to support this, an immense revenue became necessary, and Wolsey was by no means negligent in accumulating the good things of this world. His ambition was boundless: the archiepiscopal see of York, the cardinal's hat, the legatine power from the pope, and even the office of lord chancellor, did not satisfy Wolsey, who sought to have the office of lord high constable of England made permanent, and in his own person. More, then a young man, opposed it in the privy council, though single in his opposition:—

The council, in general, were much offended with what they thought a too forward interference in so young a member, and one whose rank in life was the lowest of that assembly; and Wolsey himself was so displeased, as to consider himself injured by More, whom he addressed in terms not very remarkable for their politeness, however they might be for their apparent bitterness: "Are you not ashamed, Master More, so much to esteeme of your wisdom, as to think us all fools, and set here to keep geese; and you only wise, and set to govern England? Now, by my troth, thou shovest thyself a very proud man, and a more foolish counsellor."

But More was not abashed with the intended rebuke, "and answered him according to his disposition, in this merrie, yet wittie sort: 'Our Lord be blessed (quoth he) that my sovereign leage hath but one fool in so ample a senate'—and not a worde more. The cardinal's drift was all dasht."

Though Wolsey was not inattentive to the commercial and political interests of the country, yet he was selfish and vindictive;

and his bringing the Duke of Buckingham to the scaffold will ever be a foul stain on his memory:—

The story is, that the Duke of Buckingham once holding the basin to the king, agreeable to courtly etiquette, the king had no sooner done than the cardinal dipped his hands into the basin, which so incensed the duke, that he threw some of the water into the intruder's shoes. Wolsey threatened for this that he would sit upon his skirts; and the duke, in order to let the king know it without a formal complaint, went to court the next day in rich apparel, but without skirts to his doublet. This the king noticed, when the duke informed him it was to prevent Wolsey sitting upon his skirts. From this affair much political evil, it is said, proceeded; and many went so far as to assert that Wolsey actually suborned Charles Knevet, who stood forward to accuse Buckingham of a determination to take the king's life, in consequence of a vain prophecy that he himself should be king.

Wolsey is accused of having laid this affair before his majesty with great aggravations, which led to his arrest and trial, when he was condemned by the House of Peers, and suffered decapitation on Tower Hill.

Wolsey tried to get elected pope, but failed, according to Barnes, in being outvoted by 20,000l.; which we are the more surprised at, as he was not sparing of money when there was an object to be gained: by bribery, he was the prime mover of the European courts, and received, in return, the most fulsome adulation, of which Mr. Howard quotes two instances from the MSS. in the British Museum, which he appears to have very industriously consulted:—

The King of Denmark thus wrote to him from Mechlin, on the 1st of December, 1524.

"Christian, King of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, &c.

"To our right reverend father and lord, the Lord Thomas, through the commiseration of God, Cardinal of St. Cecilia, Archbishop of York, Primate of all England, &c. our long and most dearly loved friend and protector."—

From the flattery of a crowned head, we now turn to that of the prior of Winchelcumbe; or, as he signs himself, "Richard, minister of the unworthy monastery of Winchelcumbe."—

"Most reverend father and lord in Christ, the splendour and ornament of all cardinals.

"Even from this place, most glorious cardinal and prince, I could bring forward much, relative to the public commendation of your sanctity, and to the general report of your singular virtues, did I not understand those your most splendid and divine virtues to be rather desirous of the veneration and silent admiration of mankind, than of their loudest praises.

"I send, as accompanying this present letter, to your serene lordship, the cardinal, oh! most clement father, as a proof of love, and the most faithful obedience, eight lampreys, in four separate pasties.

"In the sweetest power, throughout all the world, most holy father and most worthy Lord, may your power and influence for ever live and flourish."

Wolsey was employed on all important embassies, and frequently visited the French court, though ignorant of the language. On one occasion, when Wolsey was with the French king in Compeigne,—

Amongst other sports with which the king was anxious to entertain the cardinal, was that of hunting the wild boar; a process very different from a fox-hunt in England; for a boar having been caught and then set loose in the forest previous to the day of meeting, the king set off, accompanied by the cardinal, and on their arrival at the appointed spot, they there found the queen regent with a number of ladies and damsels standing in chariots and looking at the toils which were all laid ready for his majesty's sport.

Wolsey, however, seems not to have been desirous of hunting the wild boar in *propria persona*; yet he placed himself in a situation even more dangerous, taking his stand in the queen regent's chariot, surrounded by all the bright eyes of the French court. But the ladies did not shrink from the manly sport of the field, several of them accompanying the king inside the toils, "ready furnished for the high and dangerous enterprise of hunting of this perilous wilde swine."

The king is described as dressed in a doublet and hose all of "sheep's colour" (perhaps what is now called drab) cloth, all richly trimmed; holding in a slip a brace of large greyhounds, armed so as to protect them from the tusks of the boar: and the rest of the hunters were clad, like him, in doublets and hose, and each having in his hand a very sharp boar's spear. His majesty now gave orders to the keepers to uncouch the boar, at the same time desiring that every person within the toils should take their proper station.

The boar was soon uncouch'd; and was no sooner out of his den, than a hound drove him into the middle of the toils, where he stopped a while gazing upon the hunters, but not seemingly inclined to show sport. But the hound now drawing near him, he looked for a place of refuge, and presently spied a bush upon a bank, beneath which were two Frenchmen, as Cavendish asserts, who not being very anxious to participate in the danger of the hunt had retired thither, supposing themselves perfectly safe. On the boar coming up, he smelt the two Frenchmen, and then thrust his head into the bush, when they started up and ran for their lives, the boar very contentedly occupying their abdicated lair. From this, however, he was speedily driven by the spears of the hunters, when he rushed out and made an attack upon one of the cardinal's footmen, who was armed with an English javelin, with which he defended himself a considerable time, until it was broken by the boar, when he was forced to defend himself with his sword, when some of the hunters came up and drove off the

animal, who immediately attacked the young Ratcliffe, son and heir to the then Lord Fitzwalter, afterwards earl of Sussex, who defended himself with his boar's spear in a very gallant manner, soon after which the boar was killed, and the sport ended.'

We might extend our extracts from this interesting volume, but we are reminded of other claimants to a share in our columns; and, as we did not intend to give a connected memoir of the life of Wolsey, we shall leave him in the zenith of his power, from which, however, we need not remind our readers he was hurled. Mr. Howard carefully traces his fall, and we consider his life of the cardinal as a valuable addition to biography.

A New Guide to Paris, from the latest Observations, &c. By PETER HERVE. 1 vol. 10mo. pp. 583. London, 1824.

PARIS guides have so long been compiled from one another, that the same mistakes are frequently perpetuated in them all; the present work differs from others of the same kind, in that a considerable portion of it, at least, has been written from real observations: to expect it wholly so, would be too much; but, in general, the author has followed the best authorities. It was right in him to pop down Prince Polignac as the French ambassador, as that might lead persons to believe the whole is compiled at a very recent date; unfortunately, the body of the work contains evidence to the contrary: for instance, the catacombs were closed long before the prince was appointed ambassador, yet M. Hervé describes them as open to the public.

Another fault of the author is, that he often mistakes accidental circumstances for principles. He says, the English are pointed out and hooted at in the theatres: an isolated case of the kind may have happened, where our dandies and our belles strive to rival each other in dressing ridiculously, and behaving with an air of gravity, as if all Paris belonged to them; for many think that the responsibility of Old England's honour and glory lies on them, and they wish to be thought important personages, though they are in London only bowing tradesmen of Bond Street or Cheapside. The French do not hate the English, they hate the English government, which, no doubt, causes Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning many sleepless nights.

The work, on the whole, is very amusing, even to a resident in Paris, and to a stranger it is highly instructive; and we hesitate not to pronounce it the best guide to Paris extant.

We will give an extract to show the author's style. It contains a description of the Palais Royal:—

'This extraordinary emporium of all that is gay, voluptuous, literary, commercial, and epicurean, was built by Cardinal de Richelieu, in 1634, from the designs of Lemercier, for his own residence; and, allowing for considerable subsequent additions, surely no town-residence of a single subject was ever so vast! He deemed it a fit present

to Louis XIV. who disdained not to reside in it: hence its name.'

'In 1692, it became the entire property of the Duke of Orleans, and then contained a theatre, where the company of Molière and of the Italian Opera performed. Here the Regent Orleans held his luxurious court. In 1763, soon after the burning of the Opera House, the grand façade, in the Rue de St. Honoré, was erected by Moreau. It presents two pavilions, connected by a fine wall, with palisades, and three handsome gates. Doric and Ionic columns ornament this part of the palace, which exhibits a front that is grand; but, like all French edifices of the time of Louis XII. rather heavy. It is pierced by a vestibule, in which, through glass doors, the public perceives a noble staircase, leading to the duke's apartments, which occupy all this part of the structure. The remainder, four times as large, forms the immense bazaar, which is the admiration of all Europe, furnished as it is with the most exquisite of every article of luxury, and offering pleasure in a variety of shapes, as well as all the conveniences of life. It has been justly remarked, that a man of no immoderate wishes may reside in the Palais Royal, and find all his wants supplied, without ever quitting its precincts. The three sides of the building, containing the shops, are of rich architecture, which, seen in long perspective, together with the bright green trees and gay parterres of flowers, has a beautiful and uncommon effect. There are four stories; and the immense Corinthian pilasters rise to the third, and are crowned with a balustrade and elegant vases; the unusual number of which surmounting the rich capitals, appear sumptuous; and the *tout ensemble* is such as we are apt to imagine we should find as the theatre of the Carnival in Rome and Naples. Not less varied than the grotesque figures at that fête, though less gaudy, are the frequenters of this bustling mart, where every thing is bartered for gold—even honour and liberty.'

'Between each pilaster of the long range, is an arcade; and a narrow piazza runs throughout, under the first floor. Its side is occupied by splendid but narrow shops, which glitter with jewellery; china, elaborately painted; confectionary of vivid colours; elegant clocks, miniatures, silks, and velvets; coffee-houses and restaurateurs, with their clear mirrors, marbles, and gilding, and tempting the gourmands with specimens of rare fish, game, and fruits. These are contrasted with dull money-changers, booksellers, and snuff shops.'

'In the gardens is a semicircular temple [the rotunda], generally filled by bucks and belles sipping sweets and mincing "honeyed words." To lounge on three chairs under the trees is the summit of dandyism; and to read the papers, satisfied with one seat, or contented to stand, the daily occupation of eager politicians.'

'On the first floor are spacious gambling-houses, smoking-rooms, cafés and restaurateurs, reading-rooms, and scientific clubs. The second floor is a medley of most of

these, and private lodgings. The third floor, almost wholly, chambers; and the fourth swarms with women and sharpers of the worst description. There is also a little world below; a sort of repetition of all that is bad in the world above, with the addition of little plays, loud music, hot air, smoke, and fumes of liquor.'

'How refreshing and how rare to be able to escape from this pandemonium to the fresh air, the rustling of trees, and the spray of the lively fountain, which spouts forth a large semi-globe of water, within a few steps. In the miserable transversal wooden galleries, the whole of which, it is computed, might be consumed by fire in one quarter of an hour, including their one hundred and twenty little shops, the crowd is often so great in the evening, that you are impelled by the stream, and cannot pass it. Yet it is the least attractive of the whole structure. These shops are filled with pamphlets, news-readers, common wearing apparel, and shoe-blacks; and all these within a few yards of the princely Orleans, whose state sitting-rooms are just above, and who is waited upon by chamberlains, esquires, and gentlemen ushers, forming a court in themselves.'

'It is not easy to forget the sensations produced at night by the lights, the moving multitude, the sparkling merchandize, the magical cafés,—and the effect heightened by music, vocal and instrumental, that strikes the ear with singular force, and, being invisible, startles the stranger, who cannot conceive from whence it proceeds. Presently, that which was loud before, bursts upon him with stunning crash, and his eye at length fixes upon a cellar, where, through a small grating, he perceives a number of blind musicians and singers, men and women. This is one of the subterranean cafés, and these poor creatures come every evening, for a small remuneration, from the hospital, three miles distant, and return late at night, without any guide. To a reflecting mind there is something very affecting in perceiving such greatly afflicted, and, apparently, innocent persons, surrounded by the lowest, vilest, and most degraded of beings; for such is the major part of the visitors of these caveaux. The performances are imitations of operatic songs and overtures, and are, sometimes, well executed, but more frequently "out-heroding Herod."

'The Cafés des Variétés is another of these caveaux; and short farces are acted, gratis, every evening, solely to amuse those who call for refreshments. A third is the Café Borel, where there is music and a ventriloquist, and better company. And the fourth caveau is that of Le Sauvage. It is near, but not within, the Palais Royal, and is the worst sink of corruption. A man dressed in skins, and looking very fierce, to imitate a savage, grins and raves, and beats a great drum, as if he were mad, for six francs per night, to enchant his motley audience, during the pauses of better music.'

'All articles in the Palais Royal, except coffee, and such refreshments, printed

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music, books, and minor articles of perfumery, are dearer than in most other parts of the town; for here fashion reigns triumphant, and issues her mandates.

"You can have a suit of clothes, a cap, &c., made in an incredibly short period of time, and of the latest cut. Your hair is admirably arranged by Mr. Henri of the Galerie Vitrée, for thirty sous; and how can you expect to pay less, when such enormous rents are charged for shops and dwellings? Each arcade from top to bottom, costs 8000 francs per year; a single shop 3000. Bargain for all the articles of consequence; you will, generally, find the shopkeeper will abate here, as in all parts of Paris.

"It is not possible to close an account of this "busy haunt of men," better than by expressing the received opinion, that "the Palais Royal is to Paris what Paris is to France"—the grand rendezvous of talent and of vice—a vortex into which is drawn the sensualist and the philosopher, the fool and the wit, the virtuous and the depraved; who are alternately affected by pleasure and disgust. The virtuous partake of the rational and innocent gratifications it affords, and turn horror-stricken from its gaudy profligacy; whilst the vicious revel for a moment in gross delusions, and, quickly palled, spurn them as the veil drops off."

"The Palais Royal has been the theatre of many of the political changes—of the earliest avowal of republican sentiments; the rhapsodies of Camille Desmoulins; the denunciations of Marat and Pere Duchesne (Hebert), with the harangues of their thousand followers.

"1791, the effigy of the pope was burned; 1792, that of Lafayette and Mr. D'Espremenil were plunged into the basin. The head of the Princess de Lambelle was paraded before the windows of the duke, who was unmoved at the sight, and turned with indifference to the guests at the dinner-table, from which he had been disturbed by the noise. What can afford a more curious evidence of the fickleness of public opinion than the former enthusiastic adherents to Jacobinism, when, in 1795, they dressed up a figure, called it a member of the Jacobin Club, then threw it into the common sewer, with this inscription "Pantheon of the society of the Jacobins!"

"21st January, 1791.—At seven in the evening, a jeweller bought some oranges in the Passage du Perron; he asked the person who sold them, what money was worth on that day? and, on hearing the reply, he remarked, "It will always remain at an extravagant price until one of the money-dealers shall be hanged." Some of them overheard him, blew out the candles, and poignarded him on the spot. There is a house in the Passage de Radzivil, which has twelve stories, including the room underground.

"In the Rue Vivienne, a gardener dug up in 1628, nine cuirasses, which were evidently made for women; and Mezerai, in his History of France, relates that, in 1147, women fought under the banners of the

cross, and formed regiments of their own sex."

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The Portfolio. A Collection of Engravings. Parts 22, 23, and 24. London, 1824.

In the progress of this work, we have frequently called the attention of our readers to its merits. It consists of a series of engravings by the Messrs. Storer, from antiquarian, architectural, and topographical subjects, curious works of art, &c. with letter-press descriptions. Twenty-four parts are now before the public, each part containing eight well-executed engravings. Those in the last three numbers are much diversified, and include a view of Encombe, the seat of Lord Eldon; Rufus Stone, in New Forest, Hampshire, the place where William Rufus was killed; Crowland Abbey; Ragland Castle; St. Michael's Church, Bath; ancient houses in Chester; Wells Cathedral; two views of Dublin Harbour, &c. &c. The work is very prettily got up, and forms an elegant addition to a cabinet library.

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The Poems of William Cowper, Esq. with Notes from his own Correspondence, and a Biographical Memoir. Embellished with Engravings from original Designs, and a Portrait of the Author. 8vo pp. 427. London, 1824.

NUMEROUS as are the editions of Cowper's poems, yet so highly are they esteemed, that they are in continual demand. The volume before us contains the whole of the poems of this delightful writer, including some pieces which have not appeared in any previous collection of his works. It is printed with a neat bold type, and embellished with nearly twenty illustrative engravings on wood, and a portrait of the author on steel. It is the most complete, and, at the same time, the cheapest copy of Cowper's poems that we have seen.

—
C. Crispi Sallustii Opera. Studio JOANNIS DYMOK. 18mo. pp. 319. Edinburgh and London, 1824.

MESSRS. Oliver and Boyd have been for some time preparing a stereotyped edition of the Latin classics, corrected with the greatest care, and furnished with such notes and addenda as may render them most acceptable to schools. To the text of Sallust is added a very copious, historical, and geographical index, to the extent of one hundred and fifty pages, containing an account of every individual or place mentioned in the work. The index is itself very valuable, and may be referred to with advantage, not only by students, but those of mature age, whose classical recollections are somewhat rusty.

—
THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW.
(Concluded from p. 633.)

"NEARLY all the illustrious houses of France were compelled to go into mourning in consequence of this sanguinary tragedy. La Rochefoucauld, whom the king wished to save, Crussol Teligny, son-in-law of the admiral, Pluviant, Berni, Cler-

mont, Lavardin, Caumont de la Force, Pardaillan, Levi, De Piles, and a great number of other captains, fell by the daggers of the assassins. Some few escaped; among whom were, Roham, Vidame de Chartres, and Montgomery. The king pardoned Grammont, Duras, Gamaches, and Bouchavane; the Guises also spared a few; and the pitiless Marshal de Tavannes, who was heard to exclaim, "Bleed, bleed; the physicians say it is equally good to be let blood in August as in May," nevertheless rescued from death the person of Neufville; and Armand de Gontaut de Biron, who, though a Catholic, was accused of favouring the Calvinists, saved his life by fortifying himself in the arsenal. It is somewhat remarkable that, among so many valiant warriors, only two of the number of proscribed defended themselves; one was Guerchi, who, with his arm enveloped in his cloak, fought for a long period in the house of the admiral, and was only compelled to yield from superior numbers; the other was Taverny, lieutenant of the Marshalsea, a practitioner of the long robe, who, aided by a single valet, sustained an assault in his own house for nine hours. Had not surprise and terror petrified the courage of all the rest, they might have exterminated their ferocious assailants, since brave warriors, however inferior in numbers, generally obtain the victory over base assassins.

"During these disastrous days, Providence rescued a child destined at a future period to contribute to the regeneration of France. Young Rosny, at that period twelve years old, was awakened, during the first day of the massacre, by the sound of the bells, and the confused shoutings of the populace. His preceptor and *vallet de chambre* precipitately quitted the hotel in order to ascertain the cause of the tumult, concerning whom not a syllable afterwards transpired, so that there is little doubt but they were among the first victims of the slaughter. Rosny, left alone in his apartment, speedily dressed himself, and, being told, by the owner of the hotel, the danger that awaited him, resolved to seek refuge in the College of Burgundy, at which seminary he was pursuing his studies. He dressed himself in his student's apparel, and, taking a thick volume of Catholic prayers under his arm, descended into the street. He was petrified with horror on beholding, at every step, bands of the enraged populace, crying out, "Kill, kill, massacre the Huguenots." He at length fell amidst a company of guards, by whom he was stopped; but the mass-book, which he carried under his arm, proved a passport, and he was permitted to proceed: twice afterwards he was arrested in his progress, but he had the good fortune to escape the threatened peril by the same simple means. On gaining the College of Burgundy, the porter at first refused him admittance; he then concealed himself lost without resource, when the thought suddenly struck him of inquiring for the superior of the college, a virtuous

ecclesiastic, named ~~L~~ Fave, who took charge of him, and kept him concealed in his closet for three days, whither that respectable priest, the worthy representative of the Evangelists, conveyed food to him every morning and night. An order at length having appeared, prohibiting farther slaughter and pillage, young Rosny was liberated from his hiding-place, and confided to the custody of the King of Navarre.

Among the various traits of barbarity that disgraced this murderous festival, historians have only preserved one truly noble and generous deed, which nevertheless carries with it a stamp of the ferocity that characterized the period in question. Vezins, a gentleman of Querci, had been for a length of time on very bad terms with one of his neighbours, named Regnier, a Calvinist, whose death he had an hundred times vowed to accomplish: both these individuals happened to be at Paris at the *fête* of Saint Bartholomew; and Regnier trembled, lest Vezins, profiting by circumstances, should satiate, at the expense of his life, the inveterate hatred which he entertained towards him. While overcome by these terrors, the door of his chamber was forced open, and Vezins entered, sword in hand, accompanied by two soldiers. "Follow me," said he, addressing Regnier in a harsh and authoritative tone; the latter, palsied with apprehension, placed himself between the two guards, not doubting but death was to prove his lot; Vezins then caused him to mount on horseback, and speedily hurried from the city without stopping or pronouncing a syllable, when he proceeded direct to his castle at Querci. "Here you are in safety," said Vezins; "I might have taken advantage of the occasion to avenge myself, but with brave men it is necessary to share the danger; it is on that account I have saved you. When you think fit, you will find me ready to terminate our quarrel in a manner becoming gentlemen." Regnier only replied by uttering protestations of gratitude, and supplicating his friendship. "I leave you at liberty to hate or to love me," said the harsh Vezins; "and I only conducted you hither that you might be placed in a situation to make the choice." Without awaiting a reply, he then set spurs to his horse, and immediately disappeared.

The Dukes of Guise and Montpensier, and the bastard of Angoulême, promenaded through the streets, openly stated that it was the king's will that the very last of this race of vipers should be crushed and killed. Urged on by these exhortations, the bands of armed citizens became furious in abetting the slaughter of their brethren, as had been promised by the provost of the merchants of Paris, during his interview with the king, and Marshal Tavannes; in proof of which one Crucé, a jeweller, displaying his naked and bloody arm, and vaunted aloud that he had cut the throats of more than four hundred Huguenots in one day.

"We must not, however, conceive that religion alone sharpened the daggers of the assassins, since many Catholics, publicly known as such, perished during the tumult; heirs killed their parents; literary men cut short the career of those by whom their labours were eclipsed; lovers offered up their rivals as sacrifices to jealousy; riches were construed into a crime; hatred was a legitimate plea for cruelty; and the overwhelming torrent of example swallowed up in its vortex men formed to instruct others in the precepts of honour and of virtue.

"If any examples were necessary to substantiate these facts, we need only refer the reader to *La Popelinière*, vol. 1, who states that the following, among other individuals of the Catholic persuasion, perished from motives of vengeance, hatred, or pique:—Lomenie, secretary of finances; Rouillard, a counsellor of the Parliament; Chapes and Robert, two celebrated advocates; Salcede, well known for his quarrels with the family of the Guises; Villemur, nephew of the ancient keeper of the seals; together with a long list of other personages equally conspicuous for their probity and public worth.

Brantôme records that many of his associates, gentlemen by birth like himself, acquired as much as ten thousand crowns by the plunder; and to such an extent was this effrontery carried, that the robbers, without shame, presented themselves at court, offering to the king and queen precious jewels, the fruits of their depredations, which were graciously accepted by their majesties.

Ladies of the court were seen with unblushing countenances scrutinizing the naked dead bodies of their former friends, and endeavouring to find out, by their licentious observations, subjects calculated to excite risibility.

The impetuous Charles, having once given way to passion, set no bounds to his rage, which so far triumphed over every manly feeling as to urge him to fire, from a balcony of one of the windows of the Louvre, in front of the Seine, upon his wretched fugitive subjects. This circumstance is narrated in Brantôme, and was further verified by Voltaire, who, in one of the notes to his *Henriade*, states, that old Marshal de Lassé informed him he had known, in his youth, a gentleman aged ninety, who had served Charles the Ninth in the capacity of a page, and that the venerable personage in question had affirmed to the marshal that he was employed in loading the arquebuse wherewith the king fired upon the populace. In consequence of this anecdote, during the revolution, a board was affixed over the window in question, bearing an inscription to the following effect:—

"It was from this window that the tyrant, Charles the Ninth, of sanguinary memory, fired upon his faithful subjects, the unfortunate Huguenots, during the massacre of Saint Bartholomew."

"During this career of blood, the king did not remain within the walls of his palace, but paraded through the streets of Paris, accompanied by his whole court; a brilliant retinue, which afforded a revolting contrast to the traces of massacre that were legibly imprinted upon all the walls; and it is further stated, that he went to the place of execution at Montfaucon, in order to gaze on the mutilated corpse of Coligny, suspended to the gibbet by the thighs, supported by iron hooks: if such was the fact, the admiral could not have been removed on the night of the murder by Marshal Montmorency, as stated by Dangeau.

"From the period of the 24th of August," says Sully, vol. i. "the king shuddered on hearing the recital of the thousand traits of cruelty narrated to him by those who arrogated to themselves a degree of honour, in his presence, for the active parts they had taken in the slaughter. Of all those who approached the monarch's person, no one possessed his confidence so completely as Ambrose Paré, a famous Calvinist surgeon, whom Charles preserved by keeping him at the Louvre, although he had previously declared that nothing should compel him to abrogate his faith. The day after the massacre, Charles took Paré aside, and began a candid avowal of the horrible anxiety by which his mind was tormented. "Ambrose," said the king, "I know not what has occurred to me within these two or three days, but I find my mind and my body agitated, as if I was labouring under a dreadful fever; it seems to me every moment, as well waking as sleeping, that those mangled corpses present themselves to my view with hideous aspects, and covered with gore. I sincerely wish the innocent had not been comprised among the number of the slain."

"As soon as the king had commanded a cessation of the massacre, he proceeded to meet the Parliament, where he held a court of justice. He then declared that, after a thousand attempts, as frequently pardoned, against his sovereign and his country, Admiral Coligny had put a climax to his atrocious crimes by resolving to exterminate the royal family and all the princes, consisting of the king, the queen, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, and the King of Navarre, excepting only the Prince of Condé, whom he had designed to place upon the throne, with the intention of afterwards putting an end to him, and assuming in his own person the supreme authority. It does not appear improbable, from the sudden change in Charles's conduct, and the fury that consequently predominated over a weak mind, that he in the first instance believed in the truth of this pretended conspiracy; and when we are led to contemplate the deep duplicity of the queen-mother, what testimonies and perjured witnesses may she not have suborned to render the falsehood more feasible. Charles must, however, have been disabused in

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the end, finding it impossible to substantiate any thing. the crime had, however, been committed, and to stifle the menacing appeals of the most horrid remorse, it was requisite he should seek, if possible, to deceive himself; a dangerous and easy expedient, unfortunately too common with princes. Had there been any particle of truth in this allegation, it ought to have been published on the very eve of the massacre, and not after the lapse of three days, which was the fact; as, in such case, there would have been some justification for the excesses committed. Such was the reflection of the President de Thou, who shuddered at being compelled, from his station as first president of the Parliament, to approve in appearance these false motives suggested by his sovereign. In answer to this, we beg to remark that, no high post or situation whatever can force a man to approve of assassination, and consecrate the same as an act of justice by his public approbation of an execrable crime.

As is customary with characters governed by extremes, the youthful Charles, once impregnated with these dangerous maxims, no longer showed any respect for moderate measures; and he in consequence publicly authorised all the massacres that were committed in the provinces. These proved horrible beyond expression; at Meaux, Angers, Bourges, Orleans, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rouen, without enumerating the smaller towns, villages, and even private castles, the lords of which were not always in safety against the effervescence of popular fury.

Maundlot, governor of Lyons, having ascertained that some Huguenots had escaped the slaughter of their butchers, after four thousand citizens had been slain, caused them to be pursued and arrested, and then strove to prevail upon the public executioner to put an end to them.

This man, however, refused, alleging that he was no assassin, only exercising his ministry in the name of the law and by order of justice; an answer and a mode of proceeding very remarkable in an individual exercising such a function, and under the reign of a prince who had himself become the executioner of his people! As a proof of the horrid state of things at that period, a butcher, who had particularly glorified himself during this slaughter by the number of Huguenots he had murdered, was rewarded by receiving an invitation to dine at the legate's table, when he subsequently passed through that city.

Dead bodies rotted in the open fields for want of burial, and several streams became so infected with the putrid corpses that were committed to their currents, that those inhabiting the banks of the rivers would not, during a great length of time, drink of the waters, nor partake of the fish wherever they abounded.

Marshal de Tavannes only calculates those slaughtered at Paris at two thousand; but the testimony of one of the principal

authors of that horrid deed is to be suspected: it appears certain, that the number amounted to between six and seven thousand, comprising the Catholics, whom he hated, vengeance, or mistakes, enumerated in the proscription. Several authors affirm that there perished in all, at Paris and in the provinces, about forty thousand souls. The Duke de Sully, so faithful in his recitals and so impartial in his decisions, affirms that the number of victims extended to sixty thousand; and there is little doubt but the fact was as he has stated.

The news of the admiral's death and the massacre were welcomed at Rome with the most lively transports of joy; the cannons were fired, and bonfires were illuminated, as for an event of the most important consequence. A solemn mass, called an act of grace, was celebrated, at which Pope Gregory the Thirteenth assisted, with all the splendour that court is accustomed to bestow upon ceremonies it is anxious to render famous. The Cardinal of Lorraine gave a large reward to the courier, and interrogated him upon the subject in a manner that demonstrated he had been previously aware of the intended catastrophe. Brantome tells us that the sovereign pontiff shed tears when he was made acquainted with the melancholy fate of such a multitude of unfortunate fellow-creatures. "I weep," said the Pope, "for the fate of so many innocent victims, who must doubtless have been confounded with the guilty; but it is possible that the Almighty may have accorded repentance to many of them;" a sentiment of commiseration, says Anquetil, by no means incompatible with those opposite demonstrations that were excited by policy, while pity claimed from the bottom of the heart the rights of humanity which had been so cruelly perverted.

Upon the occasion of the massacre, a medal was struck at Rome, impressions of which are still preserved in the cabinets of the curious: on one side is the head of Gregory the Thirteenth, and on the reverse the exterminating angel striking the Huguenots, some of whom are represented in the act of flight, while others, thrown down, are trampled beneath his feet: this medal bears for inscription, *Hugonotorum Strages, 1572.*

ORIGINAL.

SIR MORGAN'S MAXIMS.

THE maxims of Morgan Odoherty may not unaptly be compared to Waugh's Cayenne pepper in crystals, which he so justly lauds, and which he has immortalized in his 123d maxim. As that 'most meritorious invention' distributes the flavour of Cayenne equally through soups and sauces, so do these maxims distribute philosophy throughout the whole extent of human affairs. They may be considered, in fact, as the

highly-rectified essence of the *omne scibile*. No subject is left untouched, and every one is treated with the most admirable felicity, whether it be orthodoxy or gastronomy,—criticism or tailoring,—female beauty or devils,—flirtation or connoisseurship,—poetry or cigar-smoking.

This universality of genius has, however, caused in us some suspicion as to the individuality of the same Morgan Odoherty,—for we cannot conceive such a phoenix of philosophy, such an encyclopædia of knowledge, as is here exhibited, is to be found anywhere, bound in flesh and blood, but rather conjecture that an academy of profound scholars and men of the world have clubbed their wits, to produce this phenomenon, which, like Pandora, seems to have received a gift from every god. This is the only hypothesis which will at all account for that extraordinary multifarious knowledge, which astonishes us in every page, and which renders it totally impossible for any one to say, whether the intelligence which thus enlightens the world is to be sought for in the body of a bishop or a cook, a lord-chancellor or a tailor, a London alderman or a dandy, a critic or a dancing-master, a *bon-vivant* or a student. His judgment is equally infallible in a nice point of theology or the cut of a coat; and he can, with equal success, write a code either of ethics or of gallantry,—a commentary on the thirty-nine articles, or on humbug,—a pious reflection on the duty of Christian charity, or a volley of vituperation against cockney poets; on the doctrine of the Trinity, or on a new tie (see maxim 110). He expresses, in terms equally energetic, his abhorrence of infidelity and *meerschaums*,—of Whiggism and velvet collars,—of immorality and white neckcloths; speaks in terms of equal enthusiasm of the *Paradise Lost* and cold rum punch; and says equally fine things of the amorous temperament of females and on turtle;—but he is a fellow of infinite humour, and has many sly hits for sundry grave kind of people: for instance,—' Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the bibliomaniacs; but, indeed, to be a collector of any thing, and to be an ass, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases, in the language of all rational men. No man collects any thing of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer, or his *factotum*, little Dibdin, of reading?' This is pretty well. Of course, the Roxburghe Club do not patronize Blackwood. But again, —' It is now well known, that the three

thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the seraglio have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignior is a highly respectable man.' We are not inclined to dissent greatly from him as to the opinions just quoted, —but what shall we say to the following?—'A good-natured man marries a shrew; a choleric man, an insensible lump of matter; a witty man, an insipid woman; and a *very great fool*, a blue stocking!' After penning this, Sir Morgan, you must certainly add a little private maxim to your catalogue, viz., never to accept an invitation from any lady at all suspected of *bluism*, however excellent the dinner or supper you may have reason to expect at her house: nay, not although it may be to *sup* with an *old maid* (see maxim 117); or although you are promised ham devils basted with Madeira, turtle vying in 'oriental richness and flavour' with Bleaden's, the 'paradise clearness and odour' of *Haut Barsac*, delicious *Chateau Grillé*, Beauvillier's *pâtés* and *vol-au-vents*, and vegetables rivalling those at Very's.—Well, women are certainly the meekest, the most patient, and most forgiving of all God's creatures, or else you, Odoherty, and De Quincy (that opium-chewing Turk who denies that women have any imagination), will live to rue the day when you ventured to publish such horrible opinions. 'Tis well for you, gentlemen, that *poissardes* are not literary.

In maxim 87, we are informed how a pig *ought to be* dressed, and, in maxim 93, how the king is dressed: for, in dressing, whether culinary or *sartorial*, Odoherty is a perfect adept. We, who are of the uninitiated, are absolutely overwhelmed by the profundity which he displays in such mysteries. He takes care, too, to overturn whatever consolation might remain to us in the sense of our infinite inferiority, for he says, in his 99th maxim, 'In order to know what cod really is, you must eat it at Newfoundland.' Now, we do not pretend to be the most accurate critics in turtle, and, Heaven knows, might not discriminate between the occidental and oriental, but to be told that we do not know what cod is unless we have made a voyage across the Atlantic, is absolutely intolerable.

The following observation will hardly conciliate for Sir Morgan the approbation of the proprietor of Rowland's *Kalydor*: 'drink as much good claret, good punch, and good beer, as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis.' There, ye venders of cos-

metics and 'beautifiers,' ye may now go, howl, and shut up your shops! your occupation's o'er; for who will now care to use lotions externally, when they can, with equal efficacy, apply them in so much more palatable a manner. We must refer the reader to the maxims themselves for all the scientific discrimination which the baronet displays on this subject, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage:—'A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples,—

—“The side that's next the sun.”

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age; reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more! What poetry and imagination! we do not remember to have met with a passage more distinguished by these qualities in any perfumer's advertisement that we have lately perused; and that is saying a very great deal. We do not know, indeed, of any brewer capable of writing in so classical a style; else we should instantly attribute it to him: as it is, this serves but to support the hypothesis that we have ventured to make, as to the baronet's personality; and, in corroboration of it, we quote what appears to us to have been dictated by no other than his late Most Christian Majesty, whose love of *pâtés* was not the least important trait in his character:—'What is an old roofless cathedral compared to a well-built pie?'

In maxim 91—which we suspect will be committed to memory by all the young ladies in the three kingdoms—speaking of the intensely amorous temperament in females, which he says 'is melancholy,' he quotes in support of his opinion Shakspeare, Homer, and Laurence Sterne, and concludes with—'we four, then, are of the same way of thinking as to this matter.' Who will from this moment hear the name of Homer, Shakspeare, or Sterne, without calling to mind Morgan Odoherty, the keystone, as it were, of this great quadruprate? Here and there, we meet with what somewhat poses us: for instance, when we read of 'ancient-looking seraphs,' we should as soon have thought of meeting with an ancient-looking Venus, or three antiquated Graces.—We should like to see what Sir Thomas could make of such a seraph, on canvas; surely, nothing half so angelic as some of the mortal—or now rather immortal—beauties whom his pencil has depicted. And we really wish, too, that Morgan himself,—who must certainly be a good-natured crea-

ture, when his gall is not excited against such abominations as whigs, cockneys, blues, humbug, balaam, beef-steak pies, white cravats, and velvet collars,—would, in his next batch of maxims, favour us with some explanation that may settle our doubts;—and we, in return, will pray that his wish may be granted, and that he may soon have, and long enjoy, 'the cheek of a beer-bibber—the calf of a punch-bibber—and the mouth of a claret bibber,' which last it gives us great satisfaction to learn from himself, he has already,

MR. KENT'S RICHARD.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—It is now some months since I have addressed you, having, as you may suppose, been taking my usual summer rambles, though not with my usual success, from the badness of the season. It so happened that, on my arrival, I found Mr. Kent was about to perform at the Surrey (for somebody's benefit), and as it was probably the only opportunity of seeing him which might occur to me, in spite of my fatigue, I hastened to pay my respects to his Richard.

Several causes combined induced me to do a thing rather new to a sober old gentleman like me: I had never seen the house (which is well worth seeing), and I had seen the young man, and to very good purpose, for he once extracted a confounded 'raging tooth' from my lower jaw in a masterly manner, and he certainly cured my daughter Kate of an attack which threatened consumption. With these things fresh on my memory, you will not be surprised that I had, during my journey, felt mortified at the newspaper strictures which met my eyes, respecting his enactments at Covent Garden, and that I was desirous of satisfying myself how far they were merited. I was not pleased with a person of his promise having 'thrown physic to the dogs,' but still I thought he was not likely to have entirely mistaken his own talents.

By the way, Mr. Editor, really you 'controllers of public taste,' and all that, are a very terrible race, and I much question whether the world ever groaned under a greater tyranny than some of you impose upon it: the very spirit of the inquisition, with all the despotism and cruelty it implies, is abroad among ye;—you should be taught to remember, that where there is the strength of a giant, there should be also the temper of an angel; other-

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I found my young acquaintance, in the first place, look the character he assumed very well: he was well dressed, had a good gait, the action by which an educated man overcomes bodily defect, and the rapidity of movement, the force of mental superiority, by which powerful souls compel less powerful bodies to obey them. So far he was a good Richard; I observed nothing in his voice or pronunciation that was not pleasant, except a little error arising from the fear of being indistinct: thus, his 'saddle—white—Surrey—for the field—to-morrow,' was certainly bad, but his recovery from the effects of his dream, the determined action of mind by which every shaking limb and agitated nerve was compelled to rest, and you not only heard, but saw, that 'Richard was himself again,' would make amends for fifty such slips of the tongue as that.

In the difficult scene with Lady Anne, it struck me that he would have acquitted himself extremely well, if he had had any thing better than a waxen baby to play to; but, with all due deference to the pretty young woman who appeared in that unfortunate lady's place, she was, on that occasion, nothing more, since it was evident that he had every word she spoke to prompt. In fact, the whole set of actors, with the exception of Buckingham, were far below what I could expect to find in any, even of the minor theatres, and much worse than I have found at the provincial ones I have seen during my journey. This was not an advantage, but a great disadvantage, to the star of the night, for every one shines brightest by comparison, and there was in this case no comparison at all.

I am by no means one of those fastidious persons who look down on minor theatres; so far from it, I never enter one without feeling myself in good humour, and predisposed to view every thing with kindly feelings, because it has long been my ardent wish to reduce the two mighty potentates to lesser dimensions, so that my strictures on the Surrey cannot arise from prejudice.

The house is beautiful (so are the women, as far as I saw,) the scenery excellent, and perhaps the actors, if not in buskins, may be good; but as I came away when Richard was killed, a very different impression remains on my memory. The company of performers Beverly produces in the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road (West

London, I believe, is the new name), very very far exceed any thing I saw at the Surrey—indeed we have there in the manager's family a great deal of ability, such as, in my opinion, ought to be, and might be transplanted with good effect.

So far as I can judge of Mr. Kent, I am led to think that he has decided talents for the stage; that his attempt, though confessedly a bold, was not an unsuccessful one, in Richard the Third; and that he has not been treated with the urbanity true criticism should always practise, and the tenderness beginners have a right to claim. I firmly believe his forte lies in comic humour, and, as the crooked-backed tyrant possessed this as well as other more desirable qualities (since it is certain he was both wise and brave), Mr. Kent's sense of this power induced him, amongst other motives, to attempt this character, in which he has so far succeeded, that those persons who have never seen Kean in it, and are not therefore pre-occupied with his admirable delineation, consider him successful, as far as I can learn.

I understand this young gentleman is likely to visit America, which is doubtless in some respects desirable; but I apprehend, in that case, it will be necessary for him to double his own diligence in conquering faults and attaining beauties. Our transatlantic friends may have many merits, but that of good taste is of too slow progress to be ripe in so new a country, and it is certain that, at present, every thing is found there on a grander scale than knowledge and intellect, which, let people say what they will about freedom and powerful mind, or even genius, are always plants of tardy growth, and not unfrequently averse to those soils the imaginative assign them.

Pardon this desultory letter; it partakes of the character of such a rambler I have lately been: when my spirits have recovered their sedateness, and my faculties are drilled into order, you shall hear again from your old friend and constant admirer,

JONATHAN OLDWORTH.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XVI.

FRENCHMEN and frivolity have formed a sort of holy alliance in all ages, whether under a regal, revolutionary, or imperial government. *Vive la bagatelle* ought to be the motto of the country, and the genius of Folly its patron saint. Let the object of admiration for the

moment be what it may, the adulation is extravagant. I have seen the russians Robespierre and Marat receive *vives* as loud, as numerous, and as sincere as ever greeted Bonaparte or the Bourbons. The entry of Charles X. into Paris, on Monday, the 27th ult. was not more enthusiastic than the procession of the galley slaves at the commencement of the French revolution. As it was a maxim with the democrats, that every person who had been punished during the reign of the Bourbons was an injured victim, a dozen felons, who had been condemned to the galleys, were not only released, and let loose on society, but they were drawn through the streets of Paris on a splendid car; and even a British peer and ambassador bowed to the procession as it passed. To do the slaves justice, they were the only persons who felt rightly on the subject; they were ashamed of the exhibition. The shouts of the Parisians were, however, incessant, and the whole spectacle, like the entry of Charles X., was pronounced *grande, magnifique, superbe*, &c.

The funeral of Louis XVIII. was another occasion on which the national character was displayed. Paris, it is true, poured out its population to witness the procession, but curiosity, and not respect, drew them forth, and there was not a tear shed on the occasion, except by a few persons who had a specific interest in his life, and perhaps by Madame Cayla, the mistress of a king whose sensuality was the last passion he felt. Of the funeral procession, I may truly say, in the words of an Englishman who witnessed it with me, that—

'Except Madame Cayla,
All thought it gala.'

How different was the feeling manifested in London when his late Majesty George the Third and the Princess Charlotte died, or when Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. Never will the latter event be erased from my memory. Tar and tradesman, peer and peasant, man and child, maid, wife, and widow, all mingled their tears; and the compliment paid to Queen Elizabeth, that—

'Bargemen might, with easy thighs,
Have row'd her thither in her peoples' eyes,'

might have been, with much greater truth, applied to the body of Nelson. The funeral of Louis XVIII. was not, in fact, half so imposing as the procession in honour of Voltaire during the revolution: the ashes of the philosopher were put in an urn, which was placed on a car, drawn by eight horses; each horse being led by a man dressed

in a flesh-coloured close-bodied dress, to resemble nature. The Parisians, who, on occasions, can be 'all things to all men,' looked as melancholy as a church mouse, or the poor cat that, instead of being fattened in the kitchen, brought forth in the kitchen-grate of the Mansion House, during the mayoralty of Sir Claudius Hunter.

Nothing could exceed the blarney with which the public journals in France bespattered Louis XVIII.; every sentence he uttered, even in moments of delirium or somnolency, were bruted forth as the most sublime sentiments. When in health and spirits, Louis XVIII. had occasionally said a good thing, but, poor fellow, his time has long been gone by. His brother and successor, who cares as little for the seventh commandment as Ex-Sheriff Parkins, is also anxious to establish his character for saying smart things, but, up to the present hour, not a sentence has dropped from his mouth, in the way of humour, worth recording; to do him justice, however, he has begun his reign discreetly.

But a truce to French politics, which, as the Scotchman said of the life led by a man and his wife who never quarelled, 'mun be varra dull.' I must therefore return home, where I find Lord Waithman, after my denunciation of his intention, not daring to offer himself for a second lord mayoralty. His friends, however, mustered strong on the day of geese and mayors, as John Bull designates it. Hunt, too, was there, and nothing proves more decisively the total wreck of radicalism, than that the compounder of coffee could not obtain a hearing; in good truth, the liverymen who were all out of livery, were afraid that he was going to bespatter them with his blacking. Poor Hunt was put down, though, in good truth, he generally speaks more to the purpose than Lord Waithman, who modestly presided at the dinner of the sheriff elect, and drank his own health instead of that of his sovereign. But what is George the Fourth to Lord Waithman, whose new edition of the 'Institute of Justinian, with notes, and the decisions at the Mansion House during his mayoralty,' is now in the press.

Byron, as well as Thompson, and Fea-ron, assure us that this is the age of cant; they might also say it is the age of false sympathy. Every sensible man was disgusted with the hubbub kicked up for that coarse ruffian, Thurtell, when the murder he committed, though almost unparalleled in treachery and brutality,

was palliated. Another instance of this false delicacy has just now occurred: a banker, whose crimes partake as much of stupidity as villainy, after committing forgeries which have made desolate the fatherless and widowed—who has violated all the ties of affection, and stands branded as the most extensive depredator on record, is called an 'unfortunate gentleman,' and his crimes palliated by stories of his exquisite feeling and sympathy for persons in distress. The wretch who has forged a pound note is sent to the scaffold without pity, while Mr. Fauntleroy, who is distinguished from him only by a greater extent and heartlessness of crime, is pitied. How true is it that,—

'Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice harmless breaks;
Arm it in rags, and a paltry straw will pierce it.'

I gave you Alderman Wood's epitaph on Major Cartwright in my last ramble; and every day confirms the truth of the character given to him. He has not 'died and made no sign,' but, preserving the ruling passion to the last, has left a will as absurd as one of his political pamphlets. He leaves to his country—an estate—oh, no!—money must not be expected from radicals—he leaves a fervent wish, that every member of government may become as foolish as himself, which is certainly very kind of him; and he adds, that 'when England shall restore the simplicity of her original polity,' instead of 'insanely making her state resemble an inverted pyramid,' she may 'spread to a wide extent confederate nations,' and, in fact,—

'Like an angry ape,
Play such antics before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.'

In good truth, the inference, from the major's own showing, is, that adopting his policy will turn the world upside-down. Who doubts it?

From the major, who was no juror, let us turn to Signor Cucchiani, whose 'irresistible calculations,' 'invisible jeweller,' 'inseparable bells,' and 'incomprehensible dance,' are attracting the wonder-mongers at Spring Gardens. The irresistible calculation was not that two and two make four, because there is Dean Swift's exception that it does so every where, except at the Custom House: the signor proved, by the clearest demonstration, that wise men by no means predominated in the world, and that if the House of Commons represented the collective wisdom of the country, as soon would a camel pass through the eye of a needle, as Dick Martin and Alderman Wood have

seats in the house. The invisible jeweller converted silver into gold, a trick by no means new in the trade; but I must not let my reader into Signor Cucchiani's secrets, particularly as there are less innocent tricks played in the world than those of the signor; there is, for instance, a sect of fanatics in Yorkshire, pretended followers of Joanna Southcote, performing a Jewish rite on one another, which could never have been done to the old impostor herself; a child has been the victim, and its grandfather, who should have had his head shaved, and a straight waistcoat put on him, has been the dupe of these new Israelites: the high priest of the rites has been committed to prison on a charge of manslaughter.

Touching on sectarians reminds me of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, of Albion Chapel,—he who lately figured in a court of justice as defendant in a breach of promise of marriage. Will you believe it, Mr. Editor, that the Scotch synod think this an odd sin?—indeed, they declare that Mr. Fletcher's gaining the affections of a young lady, and then spurning her from him, in violation of a solemn promise, is a crime for which he ought to be suspended six months! Oh, monstrous!—why, the man that commits murder is only suspended for an hour!—a pretty assumption this of the seceding bench of the kirk of Scotland, to interfere with a London minister! Mr. Fletcher impugns its authority; and his congregation, none of whom of course are fathers, by sanctioning him, declare that there is no harm in what he has done. How differently would the canters, on a similar occasion, treat

ASMODEUS.

◆◆◆◆◆
To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Gravesend, Sept. 23, 1824.

SIR,—In your paper of the 28th of last month, you corrected Mr. Irving's quotation to his *Tales of a Traveller*; the lines were, as you state, part of a gardener's caution-board in this neighbourhood. I transcribe the whole of them, and as they are somewhat singular, you will perhaps give them a place in your interesting journal:—

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Trifle not,
Your time is but short;
Touch not the forbidden fruit,
Lest you die.
Put your trust in God
You will live for ever.
Now traveller mark—
The vengeance is not mine—

For Justice com
yet sure, i
Therefore, bew
her venge
Lest man-trap
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Lest nightly w
thy guile
And Britain's
from her
This is the very
To spend to lend
But to borrow or
'Tis the worst wa
N. B.

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For Justice comes, tho' slow,
yet sure, in time.
Therefore, beware! nor tempt
her vengeful arm—
Lest man-traps catch, or
spring-guns give alarm!
Lest nightly watchmen seize
thy guileful hand,
And Britain's laws transport thee
from her land.
*This is the very best world we live in
To spend to lend or to give in;
But to borrow or beg or get one's own,
Tis the worst world that ever was known.*
N. B. I keep a cow.

MUNGO PARK.

We are indebted to the Glasgow Courier for the following interesting account of the death of that enterprising traveller, Mungo Park.—[*Ed.*]

We have been favoured by a gentleman interested in African discovery, and who has travelled a considerable way into the interior of the southern parts of northern Africa, with some notes regarding the death of our lamented countryman, Mr. Park. The narrative is drawn from a negro, a native of Yaourie, adjoining the spot where Park perished, and who witnessed what he relates. Considering every circumstance, the document is clear and satisfactory, plain and unadorned, without anything that leads to a suspicion of its accuracy, or the intention of the negro to deceive, and in its most material features it is borne out by accounts obtained through other channels. The notes from which the following summary is drawn up were obtained in 1822:—

'Duncanno, a negro, was born at Birnie, Yaourie. He was in the pass about to be mentioned, to sell collas, when he was seized by the Foulahs, carried off as a slave, and afterwards taken to the Gold Coast, where he was shipped on board a Portuguese vessel, and carried to Bahia, where he remained three years. He was employed in a Portuguese slave-ship as a seaman, and returned to Africa in her, during Governor Maxwell's residence on the coast. Duncanno states, that he was in his native country, Birnie Yaourie, sixteen years ago (1806), when Mr. Park arrived there in a canoe with two masts. No person landed. The canoe continued her course down the river with the travellers in her. The king of Yaourie, aware of their danger, sent off eight canoes after them, to warn them of it, and in one of the canoes was sent a red cow, intended as a present to the white men. Mr. Park did not communicate with them, but continued sailing onwards. The canoes followed, and at last Mr. Park, probably dreading hostile intentions, fired upon them, but fortunately did not kill any one. The canoes returned, but the king, anxious for the safety of the travellers, again sent people to proceed after them, requesting them to stop, and he would send people to show them the safe and proper passage in the channel of the river. The messengers could not, however, overtake them. Park continued his voyage till the vessel got

amongst the rocks off Boussa, and was in consequence "broke."

' Birnie Yaourie is in Houssa, but Boussa is not. The latter is in the country called Burgoo. Birnie Baourie is by land distant one day's journey from Boussa, but by water one day and a half. Duncanno described the place or pass where the canoe was broken to be like the cataracts in our mountains. The water ran with great force. The canoe was carried rapidly along, and before they could see their imminent danger, it struck with violence on some rocks, and was dashed to pieces. The people of Boussa stood upon the rocks projecting into the river, desirous, if possible, to afford the white men assistance, but the catastrophe was so sudden, and the violence of the stream so great, that they could not reach them. The break of the river on the rocks is described as dreadful. The whirlpools formed were appalling, and the agitation of the waters was so great as almost to raise the canoe on its end, and precipitate it, stem forwards, into the gulfs below it. At the moment the vessel struck, Mr. Park held something in his hand, which he threw into the water, just as the vessel appeared to be going to pieces. The "water was too bad"—so agitated that he could not swim, and he was seen to sink in it. There were "plenty" other white men in the canoe, all of whom were drowned. The river there is as broad as from Le Fever Point to Tagrin Point, Sierra Leone, or above four miles. There was a black man, a slave, who was saved from the canoe. This black man spoke the Foulah language, and was a slave to a Foulah-man. When Duncanno left Yaourie, this man was still in Boussa, but he knows nothing more of him.

' Duncanno asserted positively that no person from Park's vessel landed at Birnie Yaourie, that the black was the only individual saved, and that that man only was left at Boussa. The people of Boussa went in canoes to this "bad place" in the river, where Park's vessel was broken, and where he was drowned, and some expert divers dived into the stream and picked up twelve pistols and two long muskets. "Plenty of people" went from Birnie Yaourie to Boussa to see the wreck after the King of Boussa had sent to the King of Yaourie to inform him of the disaster. Park informed the black man who was in the boat, that in a week or two he should carry him, with the canoe, into a "great ocean," where the water was salt!

' Thus far the simple narrative. It bears the stamp of truth upon it, and it is impossible to reflect upon the catastrophe without feelings of the deepest sorrow and regret at the loss of the enterprising traveller when he was so near completing his labour, and reaping the reward of all his toils. Various accounts, obtained through our present channel of information, agree in stating, that from below Boussa to Benin the river is open and deep, and broad and navigable.

Original Poetry.

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

'Tis sweet to watch thee in thy sleep,
When thou, my boy, art dreaming;
'Tis sweet o'er thee a watch to keep,
To mark the smile that seems to creep
O'er thee, like daylight, gleaming.

'Tis sweet to mark thy tranquil breast
Heave, like a small wave flowing;
To see thee take thy gentle rest,
With nothing, save fatigue, oppress'd,
And health on thy cheek glowing.

To mark thee now, or when awake,
Sad thoughts, alas! steal o'er me;
For thou in time a part must take,
That may thy fortunes mar or make,
In the wide world before thee.

But I, my child, have hopes of thee,
And may they ne'er be blighted!
That I, years hence, may live to see
Thy name as dear to all as me—
Thy virtue well requited.

I'll watch thy dawn of joys, and mould
Thy little mind to duty;
I'll teach thee words, as I behold
Thy faculties, like flowers, unfold
In intellectual beauty.

And then, perhaps, when I am dead,
And friends around me weeping,
Thou'll see me to my grave, and shed
A tear upon my narrow bed,
Where I shall then be sleeping.

WILFORD.

THE SPIDER AND FLY.

BENEATH yon nook a spider lives,
Disturbed by naught but rain;
Unheeded by the world, he has
His pleasure and his pain.

For, mark, within his fine-wrought web
A fly entangled lies;
His efforts they are fruitless there,
A struggle—and he dies.

For, lo! the spider's pois'nous fangs
Have pierced his fluttering heart;
He dies, alas! as mankind must
When Death strikes with his dart.

Thus many a fair, scarce in her bloom,
Is caught like yonder fly;
First robbed of all her sweets, and then,
Neglected, left to die.

R. C.

Fine Arts.

MODERN HISTORICAL PAINTERS AT ROME.

FOUR historical compositions, by different artists, have been exhibited during the present year, at Rome, where they have excited much interest, as each may be considered a fair specimen of the respective schools to which they belong. The first of these, executed by Bruni, a young Russian painter, represents Horatia slain by her brother, on his return from his victory. The young Roman warrior is seen standing in the centre of the picture, holding, in his right hand, the reeking

sword with which he has just perpetrated the horrid deed, and with his face turned, with an expression of scorn, towards his expiring sister, who has fallen to the earth. An aged female and her father are supporting her, while the king, advancing from one side, holds up his hand in a threatening and reprobating manner towards the rash youth. At the opposite extremity of the picture is a group of an old man, to whom a young woman and some other females retreat, as if for protection. Between these figures and Horatius are some soldiers, bearing the trophies of his victory. In this picture, the artist has been least successful in the principal characters; the forms are by no means beautiful, nor is the drawing free from defect, although the expression of the countenances is both forcible and natural. The group of soldiers is far superior to the others, for there is a great deal of life and spirit in these figures. The defects of this composition are merely those of inexperience, and such as will easily be avoided by maturer practice and study; while its merits, on the contrary, are of such a kind as to augur most favourably for the future career of the young artist.

The second picture, the figures of which, like those of the preceding, are of the size of life, is by Davis, an English artist, now at Rome. The subject is an English family, who are introduced to Pius VII. The Pope, with the Cardinals Gonsalvi and Riario, occupy the centre of the canvas; on the left hand is a lady, with a little girl, kneeling before his holiness, while the father is conducting towards him another daughter. Behind this group are Riepenhausen, a German artist, and Davis himself; on the opposite side, Canova, the English sculptor Gibson, and a Capuchin monk. The scene is supposed to take place in a portico of the garden on the Quirinal Hill. This picture exhibits both the merits and defects of the English school; its first impression is captivating, but it will not stand the test of a rigid scrutiny, for, when examined in detail, neither the drawing nor the colouring satisfy the critic. There is, too, a want of character and expression in the faces that is hardly tolerable in a piece aspiring to be something superior to a mere family picture.

A decided contrast to this picture is to be found in the St. Geneviève, by Schnetz, which is remarkable for the truth to nature with which every object is represented, so that it may almost be considered what the French term a *tableau de genre*, on a very large scale.

Clothed in a white drapery and yellow veil, the saint is seen standing on a flight of steps, bestowing alms to the poor; some of whom are advancing towards her, while those who have already partaken of her bounty are descending. A group of young girls, with baskets containing the various articles Geneviève is distributing, and placed immediately behind her, also a youth sitting on a wall, are exceedingly beautiful. On the left hand is a young woman, who has fallen down from exhaustion, and from whom a matronly female is taking her infant. In the background are seen some of the buildings of the besieged city (Paris) as discerned through the clouds of smoke that fill the air. There is an astonishing air of reality in this piece, but it is, altogether, devoid of that ideal dramatic character with which Raphael and other great masters invested their compositions.

Totally different from all the three preceding pictures is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, by Overbeck, which was begun a long while since and nearly completed before the artist brought it to Rome, where, after a considerable interval, he finished it. Of this rich composition, which contains, besides the principal figure, a great number of episodical groups, the two greatest faults are, that it is too crowded, and is deficient in aerial perspective, the distant figures being painted much too strong for their situation; but the nobleness of the expression, the simple grandeur of the forms of the apostles and holy females, the individual truth of the separate groups, the elegance of some of the young female figures, the earnest feeling exhibited in the various mothers with their children, the inexhaustible variety of characters, from the holy and sincere devotion of the Saviour and his disciples to the sternness of the soldiery and the crafty hypocrisy of the Pharisees, the various degrees of joy and reverence exhibited in the multitude, the life that pervades the whole, cannot be praised too highly. This picture is, moreover, remarkable, as comprising the earliest and latest period of the artist's professional life, since it was the first large composition which he began, and the last which he has completed, after an interval of about twenty years. It is intended for his native city, Lübeck, and is certainly one of the most remarkable productions of art of the present time.

By way of recapitulation, we may observe, that Bruni's picture has many blemishes, arising from the artist's

youth and inexperience, but is one that warrants us in expecting much from him hereafter. That of Davis seems calculated mostly for effect, without sufficient correctness either of drawing or colouring: it satisfies the eye, but not the judgment. Schnetz is admirable, as far as the mere imitation of nature can go without ideal beauty. And Overbeck displays deep religious feeling, combined with nobleness, delicacy, and truth of expression, with truth to nature, and with a highly creative imagination.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Charles Kemble, in the absence of novelty which is forthcoming, is giving us a round of good comedies and stock pieces, which, though a hundred times repeated, are always new to the true lover of the drama. We have been much pleased with that gentleman's Charles Surface, Friar Tuck, and Charles the Second; and although the weather has been unfavourable, and the town is thin, the house has been respectably attended.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The season at this house is drawing towards a close, and the managers can scarcely regret it, since it has been one of the worst ever known; the reverse is the case with the

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, which concluded the best season ever known on Friday se'nnight. Indeed, the attractions were uncommonly great, and we rejoice that the liberality of the manager has been so amply repaid by the public. Mr. Bartley delivered the following farewell address:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As the performances of this evening will terminate our short season, it becomes my duty to offer the usual tribute of thanks for the patronage we have enjoyed. On no former occasion have I been warranted in doing this in terms so entirely unqualified as on the present: the great and various exertions which have been made to insure your favour have all been crowned with unprecedented success; and it is not saying too much to assure you, that our gratitude is commensurate with your liberal patronage. The proprietor hopes that he does not arrogate to himself more merit than your kindness will afford to him, when he boasts of having been the first to bring forward the masterly composition of the *Freischütz*. The production of this splendid opera may almost be considered as a new era in dramatic music: and the extraordinary success which has attended it—notwithstanding the enor-

ous expense incurred, and the other novel and interesting scenes which he has introduced, in the most judicious manner, a powerful and effective drama is now in the most successful condition.

It now only remains to thank the proprietor; and that of all the

Literature

A work bearing the title of the *Illustrations of the Drama* is a successful drama.

Mr. John H. Parker's *The Cambrian* is the most eminent work of the year.

An Original *Sympathetic* *Confectionary*, containing English and numerous illustrations, is nearly ready.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGY

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	Morning	12 o'clock	4 o'clock	7 o'clock
	1	57	59	60	64
2	55				
3	57				
4	53				
5	56				
6	58				
7	60				

THE

FACTS, FANCIES

French Audience
journey through France, numbers of which have been published.
The Morning Chronicle
excellent remarks
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presentations of the
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ns expense incurred by its performance, and the other novelties which have been provided for your entertainment—has convinced him, that, even in his very limited season, in the most unfavourable period of the year, a powerful combination of elegance and talent is certain to receive the gratifying meed of your protection and support. In this conviction, it is hardly necessary to assure you, that the next season shall be marked even by increased energy, and by new efforts to merit your approbation.

It now only remains for me, ladies and gentlemen, to offer you the sincere thanks of the proprietor; and, in my own name, and that of all the performers, to bid you, respectfully, farewell.

Literature and Science.

A work bearing the curious title of *Resolutions of the Dead Alive*, from the pen of a successful dramatic writer, is in the press.

Mr. John H. Parry will speedily publish *The Cambrian Plutarch, or Lives of the most Eminent Welshmen*, in one volume, davo.

An Original System of Cookery and Confectionery, embracing all the varieties of English and foreign practice, with numerous illustrative plates, by Conrad Cooke, is nearly ready for publication, in one volume, duodecimo.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Temperature.						Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	10 o'clock.	Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock Noon.	
1	57	59	56	.. 17	Rain.		
2	55	60	56	.. 56	Stormy.		
3	57	64	52	.. 89	Fair.		
4	53	62	56	.. 83	Do.		
5	56	60	59	.. 65	Rain.		
6	58	60	60	.. 42	Do.		
7	60	64	59	.. 30	Showery.		

The Bee:

FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

French Audiences.—In the Notes of a Journey through France and Italy (several numbers of which have already appeared in *The Morning Chronicle*), there are some excellent remarks on that problem in psychology, the *seriousness* of the French character, particularly as exhibited at the representations of their national drama. The air of deep attention and reflection with which they listen to the eternal speeches and declamation of their stage, and the perfect decorum that prevails throughout every part of the house, cannot but astonish any one who has been accustomed to the latitude of impertinence sanctioned in an English theatre—to the barbarous practice of encoring and hissing and hooting—to the roar of our galleries, and the indifference of our boxes. If the former are absolutely

indecorous, the latter are hardly more so. A lady makes no scruple of annoying a whole box, by the ostentatious entrance or exit of her party during an interesting scene.—Racine is certainly more honoured at Paris than Shakspeare is at London. ‘Though the declamation of the French stage,’ says the writer, ‘is as monotonous as their dialogue, the French listen to it with tears in their eyes, holding in their breath, beating time to the cadence of the verse, and following the actors with a book in their hand for hours together. The English most assuredly do not pay the same attention to a play of Shakspeare’s, or to any thing but a cock-fight or a sparring match.’ This is but too true.—In these papers, independently of the initials attached to them, we recognise Mr. Hazlitt. A vein of shrewd observation pervades them, well adapted to the subject, and we doubt not but, in the hands of so clever a writer and one possessing so much tact, are apparently so exhausted as a tour on the Continent, might be rendered of the highest interest, and might tend to remove many errors and prejudices. We would caution him, however, not to indulge in that passion for paradox to which he occasionally sacrifices too much.

French Apple-Women.—The same writer informs us that the apple-women are literary, and, while sitting at their stalls, amuse themselves with a volume of Voltaire or Racine. ‘Who,’ he asks, ‘ever saw such a thing in London, as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare or Fielding?’ What may shortly be the case, now that standard authors may be had in such cheap forms, we cannot exactly say; perhaps our barrow-women may, some time or other, be seen poring over Gibbon or Hume, or sighing sentimentally over the pages of Sterne; but hitherto their tastes have been any thing but literary. We suspect that there are not quite so many gin shops in Paris as in London; and we more than suspect that an English barrow-woman would, at any time, gladly exchange all the waters of ‘Castalia’s fount’ for a glass of *blue ruin*.—

After all, we have some difficulty in persuading ourselves that, even at Paris, this class of persons are so very refined,—we mean generally. That an instance or two of the kind may have occurred, we can believe; but that it is an ordinary practice startles us. We are rather sceptical on the subject; for we call to mind our friend Jonathan and his somewhat hardy assertion, that ‘London aldermen eat Niggers.’

The Phrenological Society and the Turnip.—Most of our readers, we doubt not, have heard of the story in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, of a leading member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh having been hoaxed with a cast from a turnip: the story ran thus:—‘A certain ingenious person of this town, (Edinburgh), lately met with a turnip of more than common coarseness in his field: he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody’s face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments, of a *fac-simile*

of the head of a celebrated *Swede*, by name Professor Tornhippsson. They bit,—a committee was appointed,—a report was drawn up,—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely *secundum artem*, as Haggart’s had been under the same happy auspices a little before. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr. Tornhippsson had been distinguished for his inhabitiveness, constructiveness, philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for “tune,” “ideality,” and “veneration.” We always considered this story, as a very harmless joke on the Phrenologists, but they have taken it up seriously, and given the following *genu-ine* account, *I guess*, in their own journal.—‘In April, 1821, a medical gentleman in Edinburgh, aided by a landscape painter, fashioned a turnip into the *nearest resemblance* to a human skull which their combined skill and ingenuity could produce.—They had a cast made from it, and sent it to Mr. G. Combe, requesting his observations on the mental talents and dispositions which it indicated; adding, that it was the cast of the skull of a person of an uncommon character. Mr. C. instantly detected the trick, and returned the cast, with the following parody of “The Man of Thessaly” pasted on the coronal surface:—

‘THERE was a man in Edinburgh,
And he was wond’rous wise;
He went into a turnip-field,
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
He saw the turnips fine;
‘How many heads are there,’ says he,
‘That likeness bear to mine?’

‘So very like they are, indeed,
No sage, I’m sure, could know
This turnip-head that I have on
From those that there do grow.

He pull’d a turnip from the ground;
A cast from it was thrown:
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
And pass’d it for his own.

And so, indeed, it truly was
His own in every sense;
For CAST and JOKE alike were made
All at his own expense.’

‘The medical gentleman called on Mr. Combe next day, and assured him that he meant no offence, and intended only a joke. Mr. C. replied, that he treated the matter entirely as such; and that if the author of it was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.’—Now, really we do not know, whether being hoaxed by a cast from a turnip for a human head be more silly than seriously undertaking to refute a joke which every body laughed at, but no one believed.

Sheridan.—The late R. B. Sheridan, being once on a parliamentary committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced; when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he, with his usual readiness, said, ‘Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?’

Dr. Johnson, to ridicule some fallacious reasoning, wrote the following ludicrous lines:—

If a man, who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
It is a sign that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Horace Walpole, speaking of the opening of the budget one year, says, 'the rest of the night was spent in a kind of *avoirdupois war*.'

When Cibber was within a few days of 84, a friend told him he was glad to see him look so well. 'Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all.'

Shaking Hands.—At a late duel in Kentucky, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected, as unnecessary, 'for,' said he, 'their hands have been shaking this half-hour.'

Prevailing Errors.—Diplomacy. A confusion is generally made in the rank of diplomatic agents. They speak of our ambassadors at Naples and Stutgard, whereas the only British embassies that exist at present, are those in France, Austria, Russia, the Netherlands, and the Ottoman Porte. The accredited British agents in other states are ministers of the second order, *i. e.* envoys extraordinary, who have usually the character of ministers plenipotentiary; but these situations are not necessarily combined.—Ambassadors, *only*, have the title of Excellency. During the absence of the ambassador, the secretary of embassy becomes, *de facto*, minister plenipotentiary; and, in the absence of an envoy, his secretary of legation is received as *chargé d'affaires*. Excepting the secretaries of embassy and of legation, there are no public officers attached to our missions abroad; the other gentlemen belonging to them have no official character whatever. An ambassador represents his sovereign in his person and dignity; an envoy represents him in his person and affairs; and all the inferior agents, as, *chargés d'affaires*, consuls, and residents, or commissioners, represent *their government*, in its affairs only.

Mis-Translations.—'Sous-officiers' is generally rendered subaltern officers, which would imply ensigns and lieutenants, though non-commissioned officers are meant. 'Gentilhomme' means nobleman, and not simply 'gentleman'; and when it has reference, as is generally the case, to the ancient feudal system, this mistake must affect the sense materially. 'Général de division,' is lieutenant-general, and 'maréchal de camp,' major-general. I have seen 'serjente mayor de batalia' rendered 'battalion serjeant major,' and 'serjente mayor,' 'serjeant major,' though the rank of the first is major-general, and the second is a regimental major.

One of the most frequent mistakes is made in speaking of Mahomet's disciples—*pluraliter Mussulmen*, instead of *Mussulmans*; for the word signifies true believer, and the last syllable has no reference to man, as *homo*.

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